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12 MARKET SQUARE.

PORPSMOUTH PEOPLE HAVE LEARNED THE FACT THAT

THE WINCHESTER

Is America's Greatest Heater For Water And Steam
The Most Prominent People Get Them.

Plumbing, Piping, Tin-Roofing, In Fact All In The Plumbing Line Done By

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TEA TABLE TALK.

All the Concord toppers
Have to stay at home;
Wine no longer sparkles—
Lager's lost its foam;
Mayor Martin's tooted
Each saloonist's door—
Drinkers swear he shan't be
Elected any more

Concord throats are dryer
Than Sahara dust;
Say they can't live through it—
Mayor says they must;
Take to drinking again—
Try LePage's glue;
When you've learned to like it,
Anything'll do!"

Angry legislators

Threatened to adjourn.

If the "freaky" mayor

Won't let the faucet turn;

Funny chap, this mayor—

Says "Coron's good enough;

Can't transplant your bushes;

On much stronger stuff!"

All the thirsty fellows

Are out upon the hunt—

Rapping on the back doors,

Kicking at the front;

Dryer than a saltfish;

Dryer than a chip;

Not a single cocktail

To wet a Concord lip!

Front door, back door

Neither has a drink;

All the julep glasses

Refuse to give a drink;

Barkeeps are unruly—

Won't mix up a punch;

Or for a tom-and-jerry

To help along our lunch!"

more normal. Very few pupils are out with the grip.

I believe the young women consider it "smart" now to use abnormally large note paper and envelopes for social correspondence. Quite a change from those silly little envelopes about the size of an eyetr-cracker that have been in vogue.

While Portsmouth has been regaled with a very dusty collection of professional shows this season, that "down east" town of Portland is having the best. Only last week the patrons of the Jefferson theatre there had several performances by the Robinson opera company and saw John Drew, America's most polished comedian, in "The Liars." This week, Gertrude's notable New York success, "The Telephone Girl," comes there with Louis Mann and Clara Lipmann at the head of the cast. Portland has had, also, Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead," Koester and Bial's great extravaganza, "Greatest Manhatten," and many other choice offerings.

Only two first class attractions have visited Music hall this season, "The Little Minister" and "Rip Van Winkle." Both drew excellent patronage. Undoubtedly before the winter is over we shall see that old timer, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with its two Irish-setter bloodhounds, and "Peck's Bad Boy." Elsewhere, Laconia and Berlin have fared better in theatrical bookings than has this city. Let us hope that when Rice and Barton bring "McDoodle's Flats" here this week, both "McDoodle" and the "Flats" will appear. I don't look for any George Dixon fiasco, as Rice and Barton have always treated the public honestly.

RICE AND BARTON

In the past few seasons there has been a revelation in the presentation of farce comedy. Before that time it was practically confined to the cheaper grade of houses and the more refined class of show goers would not attend. Hoyt happily conceived the idea of sketching a plot, a mere frame work, which, however, allows the presentation of the crests of vaudeville. The result was magical, and his fortune assured; but through this it educated the public and elevated the standard of farce comedy, so that at the present day it occupies the highest place in the theatre-going public's mind. Rice and Barton claim of their many companies their "McDoodle's Flats" is the best. Their efforts have been to please the greatest number, not the high nor the low, but to strike that happy medium that is sought in nearly all lines of business.

ROBBED THE GRAVE.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bells,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle, at the Globe Grocery Co.'s store.

BELLAMY" DANCE.

The terpsichorean novelty of the season will be a Bellamy (masque) dancing party at Philbrick hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 1st. The name for such a dance is suggested by the famous book "Looking Backward," written by Edward J. Bellamy, and applies to the occasion inasmuch as that the dancers wear double masks and make-ups, giving them the appearance of facing backward while walking forward, the effect being ludicrous in the extreme. This dance has caused no end of amusement wherever held, presenting as it does innumerable opportunity for excrecatingly funny situations. There will be a lady's prize and a gentleman's prize for the most original and unique make-up.

New songs, new jokes and additional electrical display at the reproduction of the P. C. C. Minstrel Overture on Friday evening, Feb. 3d.

Arrived today, barge Bear Ridge, Gould, from Philadelphia, with 1608 tons of coal for J. A. & A. W. Walker.

The attendance at the schools is once

MANY FORFEITS.

Whist player: Here Think State Players Are Afraid of Warwick.

There is very strong feeling now among the whist players of this section that the other players of the State are afraid of the four players of the Warwick club of this city. Four times the players have won the trophy and have been ready to play at the times designated, but at the date of each game with other clubs have come around, who has been received that the players had forfeited the game and would not come here. Clubs that have done this include the Old Guards of Nashua, the Calumets of Manchester, the Little Four of Manchester, the Hennikers of Henniker, the Claremonts of Claremont, and last Friday night the Milords of Milford were added to the list. It is contended by members of the club here that their whist team could have won all these six games, which, with the four already to their credit, would make them ten, or within two of owning the cup. At present, these forfeited games do not count and at the semi annual meeting, which comes next month, a change in the rules will, it is thought, be made so that forfeited games will in the future count at least one-half. This will make the club feel more like playing, for it will count a half to the holder of the cup if not played, and the challenging club will have a chance of winning. The next club to play, according to the schedule, is the Old Guards of Nashua, and there is much speculation as to whether the boys will play or forfeit as they did before.

POOL TOURNAMENT

The following is the standing and the number of games played by each competitor in the P. A. C. pool tournament up to midnight on Saturday:

Player	Games	Per Cent
Parker	11	98
Heneen	12	95
Pethic	11	94
McDonough	6	91
Conner	12	93
Kirkpatrick	11	93
Fisher	11	92
Vennard	8	92
Burke	10	92
Frost	6	91
Gentleman	11	90
Garnett	11	90
Whitehouse	6	89
Cotton	6	89
Tobey	15	88
Newick	9	85
Moynahan	8	82

COUNTY REPORTS TO BE PRINTED HERE.

The county commissioners held a business meeting in this city on Saturday and among the important transactions was the awarding of the contract to print the county reports to the *Chronicle* and *Gazette* Publishing Co. The report will be printed in its entirety at the *Chronicle* office.

The Difference.

A metropolitan paper is authority for the statements that when a man uses his mule in New Orleans he is fined \$25, and that cultured Boston fines a man \$10 for beating his wife.

Murdered Rulers of Russia.

Of the eleven emperors and empresses of Russia between Peter I and Alexander II, four have been assassinated.

Closely Timed.

A Berlin watchmaker has perfected mechanism capable of measuring and recording the 1,000th part of a second.

—

I Was
Completely
Helpless
With Rheumatism

Could not move, the least bit of a jar would make me shout with pain. I was afraid I should be a cripple for life, as prescriptions did me no good. Finally I sent for a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla which helped me much and two bottles more put me on my feet so that I could walk without crutches. I was soon well enough to work on my farm." W. H. RHOADS, Windham, Vt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all dealers. Price \$1.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

KITTERY.

The last sad rites consequent over the remains of the late Sylvester Mansfield were held at the 2d Methodist church yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. John A. Goss of Haverhill, Mass., officiating. The church was crowded with sorrowing relatives and friends of the deceased.

There were delegations present from Riverside Lodge, No. 72, I. O. O. F., York Rebekah Lodge, No. 3, I. O. O. F., E. G. Parker Post, No. 99, G. A. R., Store Post, No. 1, G. A. R., of Portsmouth, Whipple Lodge, No. 93, I. O. O. F., and the W. C. T. U. The Grand Army and Odd Fellows held their ritualistic services. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, among them being the following:—Anchor, "My Husband" from Fred O. Hart of Taunton, Mass.; bouquet of fifty-eight pinks, from Mrs. George Macent and Mrs. Leonard Macent; wreath from Sterer Post, G. A. R., No. 1; pillow from York Rebekah Lodge, No. 3; bouquet of roses from George Sweetser; mound of calla lilies and white orchids from Miss Annie Boardman. The pall bearers were members of the G. A. R. as follows:—M. M. Collins, Joseph F. Moore, J. C. Tilton and Thomas Tredick. The remains laid at rest in Undertaker O. W. Ham's tomb in Portsmouth until spring, when interment will take place.

Mr. F. O. Hart of Taunton, Mass., is in town, called here by the death of Mrs. Sylvester Mansfield.

Miss Rena Foster of Eliot spent Sunday in town with friends.

Regular meeting of the Odd Fellows this evening.

Mrs. Eliza Tucker passed the Sabbath at her home in Eliot.

The many friends of Rev. D. F. Faulkner will be pleased to learn that he was reported a little more comfortable last evening.

Jacob Bartlett, who for some time has been employed as a caulk at the navy yard, has been laid off, and returned to his home in Amesbury, Mass., today.

William McCabe passed the Sabbath at his home in Dover.

John Bates of East Boston has concluded his duties at the navy yard and returned to his home today.

The many friends of Conductor Jacob Driskwater of the P. K. & Y. street railway, will be pleased to learn that he has recovered from his recent illness and is again able to be out.

Erastus Deane of Boston passed Sunday with his mother in town.

Mr. Purser Thomas E. Wilson of the P. K. & Y. street railway has recovered from his recent severe illness and resumed his duties on the Newmarket today.

A large crowd enjoyed the excellent skating at Clarkson's grove, Kittery Point on Saturday evening and a goodly number were present yesterday. The pond has been put in excellent shape, being swept, etc., and the convenience of the public is looked after in a very pleasing manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Goodwin of Eliot were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Neal yesterday.

D. Web Sauborn of Boston was in town yesterday.

Mrs. John R. Remick is confined to her home with a severe attack of the grippe.

Miss Virnetta Mansfield of Portsmouth is in town yesterday in attendance upon the funeral of her uncle, the late Sylvester Mansfield.

There was a large number of visitors at the navy yard yesterday.

Mrs. Oscar Clarke, who is critically ill at her home in Salem, Mass., remains about the same, with no decided change for the better.

There will be a meeting of the committee of arrangements for the fourth annual reunion of the Kittery High school at the home of the secretary Tuesday evening at 7:30 sharp, and every member of that committee is requested to be present.

Ephraim Williams who has been visiting town has returned to his home in Haverhill.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Henry C. Lovell were held in Lynn, Mass., Sunday and interment will be in Portland today. At the time of Mr. Lovell's death he was the oldest Odd Fellow and a free Mason

PRAYING CHILDREN.

The sea is a myth, a ship, a dream,
And the forests—what are they?
The wealth and pride of the world outside.

Of a far horizon line
Give never a beck or sign
To the mother's child with eyes aglimm,
Where prairies breezes play.

The sky's roar and the furnace's blaze,
The army's tramping feet—
We sound of these o'er the grassy seas
Where, wide and undefiled,
Are the children's playgrounds wide;

Bound the level lands is a wall of haze
That bounds their world complete.

But Nature's voice is sweet and fond
And Nature's teachings clear;
They come, ah yes, in all tenderness,
To the child of the western plain,
Uplifting heart and brain.
Oh, better far than the things beyond
Are the lessons taught them here.

—Charles Moreau Harger.

VELAZZIO'S DAUGHTER.

"There's something wrong—or why this secrecy, and this hunted expression? Jefferson, look here!" Masters, my old college chum and the dearest friend I had in the world, had gripped my shoulder, and whispered that impressive warning only a week before.

"There's a man named Velazzio, and you've got to get yourself free from him—or don't be astonished if you're presently asked to resign your club membership. It's being talked about, understand me? The fellow knows you are hot-headed and have money. He may be fascinating, but if he isn't one of the gang of Italian anarchists conducted to the frontier last year—well, good-night, Jeff."

"Yes, there was a sword hanging over me—I could almost see it, but it was too late to think of that. Velazzio himself, with his indescribable fascination, I could have shaken off with one determined effort—but there was Nina, his daughter Nina! Masters could look pale and stern; but he had never seen Nina. In my place I was certain he would have acted precisely the same.

How had the deadly thing begun? I hardly knew. Three months before the man had happened to sit near me at a debate of a local Socialistic society, and from the first I had been greatly struck by his face—of a wax whiteness, with big, shining eyes, and a curling black beard. At one minute his expression was eager and wistful, as a child's; at the next it would be sneering and almost tigerish. Possibly the attraction had been mutual.

At any rate, as I stopped to light a cigar, half way home, he overtook me. It was the Italian, and he paused as if he had known me for years. He volunteered to accompany me home, and by the time my door was reached I was positively fascinated; but the strangest part of it was for the next few days I seemed to run across him everywhere I went. Soon I found myself unconsciously shunning old friends and associations to be in his company.

One day—whether it was a part of a plan or not I never knew—Velazzio went a step farther. He invited me to his house. Quite casually, besides somehow or other, up to the moment he turned the key in his door—a dingy house in a street corner of the Strand—I had been thinking of Velazzio as a single man, who lived alone with his dreams—as a woman-hater. The truth did not strike me even when I heard a girl's voice singing—not until he walked into a room with the calm

serene: "Mr. Jefferson, my daughter Nina—all I have in this world to love."

I am certain I stood with my mouth open for a moment. His daughter Nina! She had been sitting at the window, over some head-work. When she turned and smiled, with a charming spot springing to both cheeks, I knew only one thing—that I had never seen such a woman as Velazzio's daughter. Why, with those wonderful dark eyes, shining as changeably as his own; red lips, wax-white skin, and mass of black hair—she looked as if she had stepped out of an Italian picture. It

Velazzio had asked me, as I left his house that night, to become a member of his secret society, forsaking my honor and previous ties for his daughter's sake. I do not think I should have paused to reflect.

He was too subtle for that. A moment went by—a never forgotten month; at the end of it I was hopelessly in love with Nina and ready to go to any length to win her. Velazzio appeared unconscious. It was not until he asked me in a whisper one evening to take charge of some incriminating documents, as they would run less risk of detection in my hands than in his own that I began to realize how far I had allowed myself to drift into his power.

"Will I?" I repeated, hardly knowing what I said. "You know I would go farther than that if you wish to try me. Velazzio, you must surely understand."

"Velazzio is certain enough," he put in, "but the others—they are afraid without a stronger proof than you might care to give." A pause. He looked me full in the eyes: thinking of my money, perhaps, although it did not strike me then. "Yes, matters will soon come to a head. Meanwhile," he whispered, "love does not always go hand in hand with loyalty."

I walked home that night in a sort of fever. Give up Nina, I felt I could not, and yet I had an indescribable dread of the price I might have to pay—of the true character of Velazzio and his associates. There was a full light in my sitting room. Entering carefully I leaped up the stairs. Yes; the door was half open; my heart jumped again, at the sight of a man sitting at the table—Masters, resting his chin gazingly on both hands. I had gripped him for a week—and had seemed to drift out of his world altogether. And those documents bulging out of his coat—I must creep by and hide them in the bedroom. Holding my breath I was attempting it, when he arose strides, and stood in his doorway. His eyes wide, his lips twitched.

"What? It has come to this, has it?"

he said, huskily. A strained pause. I could not look at him. Then "Jeff, I can't stand it longer. What does it mean? I wait here an hour to see you, and you slink past me like a thief. Not a word! Come in here, you shall speak! Now, you mad fool, what are you mixed up in? I'll know before I leave this house—before I put the police on the fellow."

He held the doorway, and he meant something. The mere sight of his face, working with mingled incredulity and indignation—the mere recollection of all the dear old times together—was enough to break down the miserable barrier; but there was Nina—Nina's glorious face between us that night. I turned my head doggedly.

"Well?" he asked.

"It's too late," was my answer. I knew Masters; only the truth would silence him. "Anything that happens to him now, happens to me. Is that enough?"

"Good heavens!" He stood staring.

"Jeff, Jeff! do you know what you have said—what you are doing?"

"Yes; too well! I spun round then, both hands out, unable to keep it back, come what might." "Jack cut me dead every one of you, but don't ask me questions, for I can't answer them. He does belong to a secret society—I admit it to you, and not an hour ago I asked him to initiate me as a member—to put me to any test. There! no I'm not mad; but—but I hope to marry his daughter, the dearest and most innocent girl on God's earth! Now you know—Jack!"

He had gone—picked up his hat like a man dazed, and gone! I heard him feeling his way down the stairs as if his sight had failed him—Masters, my lifelong chum! Myself, I could not move for a time. Call him back?—no, I could not! It was too late. If it meant Nina on the one hand and salvation on the other—I must choose Nina!

"For your life do not come near. The house is watched by police. A false move now, and the work of months goes—poof. We want friends immediately—friends with money and devotion. You—you may have a double incentive! Say nothing of it, but go quietly to 4 Rupert street, Soho, at 7 this evening. There is an emergency meeting, and there may be an ordeal from which you need not shrink. Knock twice and say 'The Cause.' Velazzio."

That was it, in a double envelope dropped into my letter box, early two days later. "For your life, do not come near!" I read it incredulously through over and over again, thrilled almost into cowardice by the pregnancy of the message. My Nina, in a house watched by the police! An ordeal! I spent that day in a perfect fever of misgiving. Quite a dozen times I started up with the determination of seeing Velazzio and learning at any cost what had happened since yesterday, but each time something held me back. When 6 o'clock came I was in no condition to reflect. I simply swallowed a glass of wine and set out mechanically to find 4 Rupert street.

At 7 I was standing outside it—a dull gray house in an obscure thoroughfare. Barely a second of irresolution and then I knocked twice; and almost instantly the door was opened by a beady-eyed foreigner. "The Cause," I whispered. Next moment I was groping along the gloomiest, stillest passage imaginable. The man—where was he? Where was the meeting? I was conscious of a burning heat breaking out over me.

"Quick, this way, friend!"

It came, a muffled sound, from the end of the passage. Holding my breath, I walked forward, seeing nothing, till suddenly my arm was grasped by a man, who, I take it, had been standing behind a curve in the wall. I was swung round, and heard a door creak at my back. Then—a thick husky voice was close to my ear.

"Why, we should trust an Englishman, I know not, but Velazzio insists So listen! We have one test only, and it is usually enough. In the darkened room behind you, twenty feet by eighteen, waits a man, chosen by lot, and armed with a knife, precisely like this." I was just faintly conscious that my fingers had closed over a handle and no more. "He is prepared to risk his life for the safety of the cause, and you yours. Courage! It need not be a duel to the death, nor even a wound; should you cry out 'enough!' you may go as you came, on a condition which Velazzio says you fully understand. The truth did not strike me even when I heard a girl's voice singing—not until he walked into a room with the calm

serene: "Mr. Jefferson, my daughter Nina—all I have in this world to love."

I am certain I stood with my mouth open for a moment. His daughter Nina! She had been sitting at the window, over some head-work. When she turned and smiled, with a charming spot springing to both cheeks, I knew only one thing—that I had never seen such a woman as Velazzio's daughter. Why, with those wonderful dark eyes, shining as changeably as his own; red lips, wax-white skin, and mass of black hair—she looked as if she had stepped out of an Italian picture. It

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"Enough!" I shouted, madly; and simultaneously two arms closed about my waist. Ah! In an abandonment of fear, then, I gripped at his throat, bent him back and struck twice, three times at his chest, I think—and up to the very hit each time, and then—

Some one was plucking me back and into the passage. I sank on a stair and lay there, while the ground seemed to be rocking under me. I knew nothing that passed until a glass was put to my lips.

"Drink this! You have killed him,

I think—but you cried 'Enough!'" that first husky voice was whispering.

"You must go straight away, in case it is discovered. Listen! a cab waits outside, and I have put money in your pockets. Go at once to Brighton—Brighton, do you hear?—and stay there until you hear from us that it is safe. Ask each day at the post office for a letter. No questions now; go, and all will be well!"

The rest seems like part of a dream. I groped obediently out, half blinded by the sudden light, and into a hallway that waited outside. An hour later, without knowing how I had got there, was in a train whirling south. "Killed him! Killed him!" sang in and out of my brain. I had killed a man! That was all; of Nina, I never once thought. But, no—it was all some nightmare. I would credit nothing until I received that letter.

During these towns and villages I made my daily runs, and usually with a clamoring multitude of shouting boys and yelping dogs as my escort; for a bicycle was as yet a novelty in that part of the world, and in some of the more remote districts even a thing unknown. I remember, on entering a certain village just at dusk, when the streets were quite deserted, I came suddenly upon two village boys walking in the street. They did not see me until I flashed abruptly past them. They threw up their hands in bewilderment and shrieked out, "Chorteedlott!" (The devil's coming) and fled in terror to their homes. I rode on to the regular post station, ordered a frugal supper and prepared to pass the night in the "travelers room."

In the meantime, the news of the "devils" arrival had spread like wildfire through the village, and the post yard was soon swarming with village boys, pestering the station master to let them have a peep at the "devil's carriage." With the "devil's" permission, the carriage was usually taken out to exhibit to the wondering crowd. When I had finished my meal I stole out unnoticed to observe the group of eager urchins gathered round the object of their curiosity. One of their number, more presumptuous than the rest, had taken hold of the wheel, and I saw him suddenly drop to the ground. The web of the traveling section is provided with pins extending horizontally from one side. By means of the pedals the rider drives the sprocket wheel, the motion thus produced being transmitted by means of a chain and small sprocket wheel to the drive wheel, slotted to engage the pins of the traveling section.

The drive wheel and the sprocket wheel are mounted on a single shaft moving in a slot concentric with the wheel rim. The shaft is connected with the seat must by links, the forward ends of which receive the ends of the pedal shaft. The drive wheel and the sprocket wheel are mounted on a single shaft moving in a slot concentric with the wheel rim. The shaft is connected with the seat must by links, the forward ends of which receive the ends of the pedal shaft.

The inventor states that the wheel may be steered by inclining the body to the right or to the left.

Old Time Ball Players.

"Where, says Arthur Irwin, are the equals of Buck Ewing, Mike Kelly and Charley Bennett among the batch of backstops in the major League today? Taking this trio of wind paddlers as the rest of the assembly, and put the self-elected teacher on his mettle. He asserted at once that that feat was easily enough to perform; but the more he tried to show them how, the more he realized its difficulty, until finally the bicycle got tangled up with his legs, and both went sprawling on the ground. This was the signal for a shout of derisive laughter from the crowd; but the little fellow was not to be defeated so ignominiously. He picked himself up, rubbed his head for a moment and meditated. Finally a happy thought struck him. "Oh, I know how it is!" he exclaimed, as he picked up the bicycle. "You see, when it falls over this way he puts down this prop" (pointing to the right pedal), "and when it falls that way he puts down the other. The self-appointed lecturer upon bicycles looked proudly around for approval.

"Disguised, I saw you safe off to Brighton and then I put a real detective on Velazzio's track, and gave him his chance to clear out. Results show that he was only too glad to take it. And so it is all over, and you will live to thank me for it.

"Yours ever, JACK MASTERS."

—Tit-Bits.

Prairie Dogs Bury a Snake.

In conversation with a gentleman who has just made a trip through western Indian Territory, yesterday I picked up something new and interesting to me in regard to the habits of the prairie dog and rattlesnake. This party said that a few weeks ago, while residing under a small tree in the Territory where there was a dog town, he noticed a commotion among some dogs near him; they would run up to a place and peep at something and then scamper off. Looking to see what was the matter, he saw that there was about fifteen to twenty dogs around a rattlesnake, which at length went into one of the dog holes. As soon as he had disappeared the little fellows began to push in dirt, evidently to fill the hole up, but about the time they did dirt enough to cover the entrance the snake stuck his head up through the dirt and every dog scampered off to a safe distance, all the time keeping an incessant barking. The snake slowly crawled to another hole about a rod distant and went in, and then up came the dogs again and went to work to push dirt down the hole, after which they went away.

"Why, of course," they all murred, and in a tone of self-reproach that they had not thought of it before.

And so the little village wiseacre at once maintained his reputation and impressed upon his associates how stupid they were not to have solved the problem for themselves.

Arthur Gardner.

Word received from Chicago states that Arthur Gardner, who recently made himself prominent among the racing men as vice president of the so-called Outlaw Union, will probably announce his retirement from the cycle path during the winter. In 1893 Gardner first appeared as an amateur, winning scores of races on the road and track. In 1894 he was champion of the amateurs, and during the fall of that year joined the Class B ranks to pace Harry Tyler for records. In 1895 he was the best man on the path during the summer. In 1896 and 1897 he gave Bald a tight rub for the championship. Last year he was way up among the leaders, it being impossible to determine which was entitled to championship honors.

Cycling Costumes Condemned.

A bicycling lawyer of Potsdam, who presented himself in court with his witnesses, all in knee breeches and cycling stockings, was fined 10 marks for gross impropriety, and the sentence was confirmed on appeal by the Prussian courts.

A Recent Invention.

Bicyclists will appreciate an improved grip, which has curved spring strips arranged around the bar, with a screw cap at the end which adjusts the curvature and strength of the springs to suit the rider.

Exercise in Bicycling.

A mathematician has computed the movements of a rider's feet while operating a bicycle, and has demonstrated that it requires less exertion to travel fifteen miles on a bicycle than to walk three miles.

Prepared to Accommodate.

Lady engaging a new cook—Can you clean bicycles?

Cook—Lady: but I can give you one where I have mine cleaned.

His Advice.

Mr. Green—Mr. Green, there seems to be something serious the matter with the horse I bought of you yesterday. He coughs and wheezes distressingly, and I think perhaps he is wind-broken. What would you advise me to do?

Jay Green (promptly)—Sell him as quickly as you can, yes! like I did.

Encouraging Marriage.

Married couples in Norway are privy to travel on railways at a fare and a half.

Where Soap Oil Comes From.

The prevailing impression that the famous soap of Marseilles was made from the pure olive oil of the South of France has been dissipated by the fact that the factories were recently obliged to close because of the quarantine against India. It appears that for twenty years the manufacturers have been supplying the market with a product made from common linseed oil

OLD WORLD GOSSIP.

February Promises Revival of Gaieties in London.

QUEEN STARTS FOR CINCLER MAR. 2.

Her Majesty Concerned About Church Dissensions—Estate of Late Earl Paulet—Sir Thomas Lipton Selects His Yachting Representative—Lively Mormon scenes—British Wayships, Etc.

London, Jan. 29.—The weather in England during the past week has been bright and frosty. London, however, has been devoid of social events. But with the opening of parliament and the early drawing-room February promises a revival of the graces.

The queen does not start for Cincin-
nati until March 2, but preparations are already making for her trip to the south of France. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are spending the winter in Italy. They are now staying in Rome, where they had an audience of the pope. King Humbert is to give a dinner and court ball in their honor, and the United States ambassador, General W. F. Draper, will also give a fete in their honor, at which the leading American and English will be present.

Senhor Rafael Iglesias, the president of Costa Rica, leaves England next week for Paris, where he will stay three weeks and then go to New York and Washington. He says that Costa Rica will welcome the American project to build the Nicaragua canal, and added that Costa Rica will freely give the necessary land.

Queen Victoria is taking keen interest in the recent developments of the ritualistic controversy, which is approaching a crisis. She is much concerned about the dissensions in the church, and has expressed a strong desire that an understanding be arrived at between the government and bishops before the proposed legislation places a check upon the



SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON.

ritualistic practices introduced. Her majesty has been in communication with the Marquis of Salisbury on the subject. She has always taken an active personal part in the administration of the crown and public patronage and contributes liberally from her private purse to nearly all the charities in behalf of the poorer clergy and their families. While it is a noteworthy fact that she has never contributed to any foreign missionary society, her occasional attendance at the Crathie Presbyterian church, which she helped to build, gave offense to the high church papers, one of which characterized her broad religious spirit thus exemplified as "deadly schism" and "unconstitutional." Recently, however, the services at Balmoral have been held in the private chapel.

The visit of the bishop of Winchester, Rt. Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, D. D., to Sir William Vernon-Harcourt is considered significant, and is attributed to the desire of the queen to endeavor to arrange a compromise acceptable to both sides, the bishop of Winchester being a particular confidant of her majesty in church matters.

The chief event this week has been the dismissal of two curates of St. Agnes church, Liverpool, by their bishop, in consequence of complaints of their pulpit advocacy of auricular confession.

The remains of the late Earl Poulett were buried in the family vault in the parish church of Hinton St. George on Thursday. A great crowd was present, in view of the expected presence of the so-called "organ grinder claimant," but the people were disappointed. The claimant who now styles himself Earl Poulett did not attend, being serious ill and weak as the result of an attack of acute rheumatism. Great excitement prevails in the little somerset village of Hinton St. George, where the estate lies, on the report that the claimant will take forcible possession. The net annual rent roll is £14,310. The land has been in possession of the family for hundreds of years. Hinton House is an ancient pile, within a park of 1,000 acres, with broad lawns and pastures and majestic timber. The late earl tried to sell the whole property about five years ago and negotiations were opened with several American millionaires. The price asked was \$3,000,000. The collection of artistic treasures is very extensive and includes Van Dycks, Murillos, Corregios, Rubens and Rembrandts. The sum of £10,000 was offered, and refused for one picture.

Sir Thomas Lipton, owner of the American cup challenger, has arranged with Peter Donaldson, owner of the yacht Isolde, to represent him on board the yacht which will defend the cup.

Lively scenes have occurred at Bristol in connection with the Mormon propaganda there. Elder Herbert L. James of Salt Lake City heads the mission. An anti-Mormon league has been formed and its members attack the meetings of Mormons. The police consequently are obliged to guard the mission house. Violent anti-Mormon posters have been displayed in the streets and a mob smashed every window of the mission house at the last meeting and hosted, stoned and spat upon the elders when they emerged into the streets. Two women missionaries were compelled to seek refuge in a police station. Elder James expects a serious disturbance at the next meeting.

The record number of British war-

THE DAILY WORK

Work Which Can Be Inspected Person-
ally is Always Better Performed.

It's the daily work of the "Little Com-
munity."

The work is right here in Portsmouth, lifting burdens from the helpless backs bringing sunshine to many a home.

It's deeds that count.

That bring the never ceasing sounds of
praise.

The people are learning fast.

Learning to appreciate merit.

Learning to distinguish between claims
and proof.

That proof is the best proof.

Doan's Kidney Pills are endorsed by
Portsmouth citizens.

Read what a citizen says.

Mrs. Ira E. Randall, 73 Pleasant street

says:—"I was taken with acute lameness

in the back and it became so tender over the kidneys that I could not bend forward

Twinges of pain often caught me in the

lungs in making any quick movement. The

pain, and the tired out feeling hanging

over me all the time was most distressing.

I was very bad when I went to Philbrick's

pharmacy in Franklin block for Doan's

Kidney Pills, yet they very quickly bane-

med me and I discontinued using them

before the box was completed. I am favor-

ably impressed with the old Quaker remedy,

and as I am quite recovered from the

attack I can certainly recommend it.

I advise anyone having anything wrong

with their kidneys to try Doan's Kidney

Pills and I am confident anyone trying

them will find them effective.

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all

dealers, price 50 cents, or mailed by Foster

Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents

for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's

and take no substitute.

ships is now building, amounting to 119

tens, ranging from the heaviest bat-

tleships to tiny torpedo boat destroyers

the figures being 16 first-class ironclads,

26 cruisers, 14 sloops and gunboats, and

52 torpedo boat destroyers. The armored

ships, building at a cost of over \$26,000,-

000, number 28, with a tonnage of over

350 tons, the number exceeding by two

the entire Russian fleet of armored ves-

els in the American navy. The whole

of these ships will be added to the effective

strength of the British navy by

March, 1903, while the first lord of the

admiralty, Mr. George J. Goschen, in

two months' time, will ask the house of

commons for credits to still further

strengthen the British fleet.

The Earl of Meath came forward this

week as the pioneer of a scheme of mili-

tary drill for all lads between 13 and 18

years of age. A committee, called the

British brigade council, has been formed

to carry out the plans, and Field Mar-

shal Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-

chief of the forces; General Lord Roberts

or Kandahar, the commander of the

forces in Ireland, and a number of other

prominent men have written in support

of the movement, which is intended to

create a sort of second line of volunteers.

The war office will be asked to provide

a capitulation grant for these cadet bat-

talions. The Earl of Meath anticipates

enrolling 200,000 lads, who will eventu-

ally be converted into a useful trained re-

serve, so that in time of grave emer-

gency, the government will have to

hand hundreds of thousands of young

men already qualified to enter the ranks

of the regular troops.

In an interview, after referring to the

Russian danger, the earl said: "Though

at present we are on the friendliest terms

with the United States, it must not be

forgotten that in Canada we have an

enormous tract of more or less vulnera-

ble frontier adjoining the United States."

A FARMERS' PARTY.

Convention to Form One to Be Held In

Chicago In March Next,

Avon, Ills., Jan. 29.—The conference of

delegates from the farmers' organization

in Fulton, Warren and McDonough

counties have declared for the holding

of a national convention to form the

National Farmers' party. Representatives

will be appointed throughout the United

States. It is planned to hold the conve-

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Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

especially adapted to the needs of the

children. Pleasant to take; soothing in

its influence; it is the remedy of all

remedies for every form of throat and

lung disease.

For Over Fifty Years

Has Winslow's Norway Syrup been

used for children's teaching. It soothes the child

without the child's attack; it pain, it relieves

it, and it is the best remedy for diarrhea.

Twenty-five Years.

Winslow's Norway Syrup is now

offered in a new bottle.

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THE HERALD.
Saturday The Evening Post
ESTABLISHED SEPT. 23, 1854.

BY TELEGRAPH.

ONLY ONE DEATH IN FIVE DAYS.

SANTIAGO, Jan. 29.—The health of the city was never better than at the present time. There has been only one death in five days. A large ball was given by the Santiago club last evening. The navy was well represented, officers from the U. S. & Detroit and Yorktown being present. The vultures are tarrying to death, which attests the great change in the cleanliness of the city.

STRIKE AT COLON.

COLON, COLOMBIA, Jan. 29.—The conditions do not improve, although a special train from Panama bringing reinforcements arrived on Friday. The city is under military guard.

HONORS TO A DEAD PATRIOT.

HAVANA, Jan. 29.—Four thousand people stood two hours in the pouring rain today and listened to eulogies on Jose Marti, the Cuban patriot, and first president of the Cuban revolutionary government.

KILLED AND MANGLED BY AN ENGINE.

ALTOONA, PENN., Jan. 29.—A gang of twenty-nine track repairers was working on the railroad at the opening of Gallitzin tunnel today. An engine crashed through the crowd killing two men and wounding sixteen others.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Bids for the construction of the Boston dock were opened on Saturday.

An order has been received at the navy yard to build several new boats.

The detachment of marines who will go to Manila has been practically completed.

The fact that the army beef killed some cats that ate it is not proof that the beef was bad. The cat is a very delicate animal. Perhaps the beef was too fresh.

HOW WOULD IT DO?

It is feared that unless the controversy over Messrs. Sampson and Schley is chloroformed and deposited in the national skeleton closet, the navy may be dragged into the same mire that is clinging to the army. It would be shocking, of course, if the navy should develop an Eagan. Better follow the example of France; hush up every scandal that shows symptoms of developing, and then we shall have a military establishment to be proud of, eh? Or how would it do to dispose of this Sampson-Schley matter once and for all by probing it to the bottom? How would it do to rid the army and navy of all the blackguards, incompetents and common scolds that they may contain? That would put some decent men on a quick path to promotion at least.

California's Points of Interest

A special "Mardi-Gras Tour" to California under the Personally-Conducted Tourist System of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave on February 8, 1899. The entire trip will be by special train of Pullman vestibules sleeping, dining, compartment, and observation cars. The cars to be used were on exhibition at the World's Fair, Atlanta, Nashville, and and Omaha Expositions, and will be placed in service for the first time.

Among the principal points of interest visited will be Mammoth Cave, New Orleans, San Antonio, El Paso, Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, Redlands, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Jose, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Glenwood and Colorado Springs, Manitou and the Garden of the Gods, Denver and Chicago. Rate, including all necessary expenses during the thirty-seven days absent, \$405 from Boston. Itinerary of D. N. Bell, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington street, Boston.

ORDERED TO THE SOLACE.

Mr. J. F. Flynn, chief commissary yeoman of the U. S. S. Alliance, received orders from Washington on Saturday noon, detaching him from that vessel and ordering him to the U. S. S. Solace, now preparing for her voyage to Manila. Mr. Flynn has made hosts of friends during his stay at this port and will be greatly missed.

He left for New York on the Flying Yankee on Saturday evening.

Chief Yeoman Boland of the same vessel has also been detached and ordered to the Yosemite. He will leave today, Monday, for that ship.

GRAFFORT CLUB.

Saturday afternoon the Graffort club met in Pythian hall and enjoyed the time with Schubert musicals. The programme was as follows: "Life of Schubert," Miss Goodrich; "Barcarolle," Mrs. Owen; serenade with cello obligato, Miss Sides; "Fantasie," Miss Peuder; "Auf den Wasser zu Singen," Hark, Bark, the Lark," Miss Hall; "Er King," Mrs. Montgomery; "Impromptu," Mrs. Thayer; "Productions of Schubert," Miss Varrell.

WASHINGTON TOURS, \$25.

Including side trip to Mount Vernon and Alexandria, under the personally-conducted tourist system of the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving Boston January 23, February 6 and 27, March 13 and 27, April 2, 10 and 24. Seven days, \$25. Side trip to Old Point Comfort. Itinerary of D. N. Bell, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington street, Boston.

HOW DISHES WERE NAMED.
Mulligatawny is from an East India word meaning pepper water.
Waffle is from wafe, a word of Teutonic origin, meaning honeycomb.
Hominy is from anumines, the North American word for parched corn.
Gooseberry fool is a corruption of gooseberry fous, milled or pressed gooseberries.
Foyment is a corruption of farce-meat, from the French farce, stuffing, i. e., meat for stuffing.
Scoochash is a dish borrowed from the Narragansett Indians and called "the m'ckquashash."
White chocolate blanc-mange means literally white chocolate blanc-mange is a corruption of a mousse.

Charlotte is a corruption of the old French word charlot, which means a small custard and charlotte russe is a corruption of charlotte.

HAD OVER TWENTY DOCTORS.

Stomach and Liver Troubles and No Strength to Work.

Discouraged and Terribly Run Down, Weak and Prostrated.

Dr. Greene's Nervura Took Me Out of My Troubles and Made Me Well.

Mr. George E. Learned, Orford, N. H., Deputy Sheriff of the county says: "I have been troubled with chills and malaria, with stomach and liver trouble, and I have had over twenty doctors at work at my case without receiving any help. I was terribly run down, weak and prostrated, and without strength or ambition to attend to my work. I was pretty well

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NEWSBOY PRESIDENT

FROM THE STREETS OF CHICAGO THE HEAD OF A UNIVERSITY.

Career of Jerome H. Raymond—Was Success Against Conditions That Would Have Damaged One With Less Indomitable Pluck—Reads Like a Romance.

From a newsboy selling his papers on the corners of Chicago's crowded downtown streets to the presidency of a state university, all within twenty years, is a rapid rise in the world. Yet such is the progress of John Hall Raymond, who last week was called from a professorship of sociology in the University of Wisconsin to the head of the University of West Virginia. Moreover, he is the youngest president of a university in the United States.

The way in which Mr. Raymond won success from adverse circumstances is an interesting story of perseverance. He was only 2 years old when his parents moved to Chicago. His education was meagre, being acquired at uncertain intervals in the Englewood public schools. In his early teens he sold newspapers in a down town corner. The average boy of progressive tendencies would look with satisfaction towards a commercial career, but Raymond had little thought of such a life. At 15 he was editor of *Philately*, a paper devoted to the interests of the postage stamp col-



Jerome H. Raymond. This journal circulated throughout the United States and even found its way to foreign countries. Meanwhile Raymond put in his spare time learning stenography. He drifted to Pullman, and when only 19 had risen from office boy to a position which brought him \$1,000 a year. There is reason to believe that, if he had chosen to continue in the line of work laid out for him at Pullman, a few years would have brought him to a position assuring large means and great responsibility. But against the advice of his friends he threw up his position and went to Evanston, where in two summers and one winter he completed all the work usually included in a four years' preparatory course, and passed with ease the entrance examinations to the College of Liberal Arts. All this time he was earning his living by stenography. In addition to paying his own expenses and carrying on his studies, he supported his mother. He entered college in 1889, remaining until the winter of 1890.

White Raymond was in his sophomore year he made the acquaintance of Bishop J. M. Thoburn, who has charge of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India. The Bishop was writing a book on life in India, and was so taken with the young man that he engaged him for two years as traveling secretary. They went to India by way of the Suez canal, touching at different points in Europe, and at every stopping place Raymond made the most of his opportunities for study.

She Presented the Wrong Card. In India Mr. Raymond devoted himself to Sanscrit. He returned to Chicago by way of China and Japan in the winter of 1892, and took the examinations with his college classes. One term of his senior year remained, but his work was so far in advance that he was excused from attendance at classes. The spring term he passed as traveling secretary for George M. Pullman, returning to Evanston in time to receive his diploma and to participate in the Kirk oratorical contest. It is curious that in this contest he was defeated by the young woman who afterward became his wife, Miss Netta Hunt of Aurora, Ill. Miss Hunt was one of the brightest of the young women whose names form a list of alumnae highly creditable to Northwestern University. Her engagement to Raymond began during their college course, and they were married in 1895, just before he accepted his call to the University of Wisconsin.

After graduation Mr. Raymond's rise was rapid. The first year he served as secretary of the Society for University Extension in Chicago, and the following year became professor of political economy at Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis. A course of lectures delivered at Chautauqua the following summer attracted the attention of President Harper of the University of Chicago, and the next winter saw Raymond as secretary and lecturer in the class study work of the university extension department of the Chicago institution. In one year he raised the number of classes from ten to fifty, and in three months increased the membership from 200 to over 1,000. He received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Chicago in 1895. Before that he had been called by President Charles Kendall Adams to the professorship of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, a position which he has since filled with rare acceptability.

His next step as the president of the University of West Virginia will demonstrate what can be accomplished by a young man of push and ambition opposed by the stubborn fact of poverty.

An Odd League in Paris. A league for the elimination of foreign words from the French language has been formed in Paris.

CLOTHES WRINGERS.

The Rise of a Familiar Article of Household Use Now Held All Over the World.

The first American clothes wringer produced, which was put on the market about thirty-five years ago, was a substantial and serviceable machine, but its price prevented its coming at once into common use. After some improvements the price was reduced, but it is only within twelve or fifteen years that the clothes wringer has come to be an article of common house hold use that it now is. The present price is about one-fourth of the original price. The present output of American clothes wringers is about 750,000 annually.

Clothes wringers are made with rolls of ten to twenty-four inches in length; wringers larger than that are made to order. Ten, eleven and twelve inch are the sizes commonly operated by hand, though fourteen and even sixteen inch wringers are sometimes used in that manner. Larger machines are operated by other power. American clothes wringers are sold in many other countries, though in some, owing to natural or other conditions specially affecting the use of such appliances, comparatively few are sold. Thus, while many articles of American manufacture are exported to South American countries, there are not many clothes wringers sold there owing to climatic conditions which are such in most of the countries that clothes dry quickly there and wringers are not much needed.

Few American wringers are sold in France, where washing is done commonly in wash houses, and few wringers of any kind are used. In Germany, Russia, all the Scandinavian countries and in Great Britain, American wringers find a market, and they are sold also in Australia, South Africa and other foreign lands. They cost more than German or British wringers, but they sell in competition with them, as many other manufactured American products do, because of their superiority of workmanship and better adaptability to use.—New York Sun.

New Idea in Clocks.

An Ohio jeweler has invented a clock which he claims keeps time, though it has neither pendulum nor escapement wheel. The mechanism has only four cog wheels and a main spring, but the most novel feature of the time-piece is the governor. Extending through the top of the box is a shaft from which two arms about six inches long extend in opposite directions. From the end of each of these arms hangs a thread about two or three inches long, with a shot grain at the end. As the arms revolve these threads, with the weights at the ends, come in contact with upright posts, around which the thread is wrapped half a dozen times by the momentum of the shot. Then, by an ingenious device, it unwinds and winds again in the opposite direction, and continues on to the next post and repeats the performance. On the first trial the clock only lost five minutes in twelve hours.

Lorenzo Dow's Wooing.

Numberless anecdotes are related of the eccentricities and characteristic acts of Rev. Lorenzo Dow, the famousiner Methodist preacher. Mr. Collins relates that when he was a widow, he said to the congregation on day at the close of his sermon:

"I am a candidate for matrimony; and if there is any woman in this audience who is willing to marry me, I would thank her to rise."

A woman rose very near the pulpit and another in a distant part of the house. Mr. Dow paused a moment, then said: "There are two; I think this one near me rose first; at any rate I will have her for my wife."

This woman was in good standing and possessed of considerable property. Very soon after this eccentric wooring she became Mrs. Dow.

The Signal Book.

The men employed at the Big Four freight office in Indianapolis think they have a good joke. A woman went into the office and laid before the cashier a postal card, which she supposed was one she had received notifying her that there was freight in the station addressed to her.

"Can I get that?" she asked. The cashier picked up the card and read: "Dear,—, a ten-pound boy arrived yesterday afternoon; mother and child are doing well."

"Did you read this card?" stammered the cashier.

"Certainly, I read it," replied the woman, indignantly. The cashier silently handed the card back to the woman. Her first glance at it told her she had presented the wrong card. She turned and hastily left the office.—Indianapolis News.

Extent of Klondike Gold Fields.

William Ogilvie, Dominion Surveyor for the Northwest Territory, thinks the Klondike gold fields will extend over 500 miles of territory. Over 5000 miners are on the Skagway trail, between the landing and the summit, and all traffic is suspended while the work of improvement goes on. On account of low water in the Yukon, boats coming down the river have been unable to reach St. Michael's.

A New Fire Proofing.

A Chicago woman is reported to have made a wonderful discovery in fire proofing. It is an enamel, and when applied very thinly to the surface of combustibles, renders them decidedly non-combustible. So far the experiments and tests to which the process have been suggested tend to support the claims of the discoverer. In appearance the enamel is similar to shellac, but its ingredients have not been disclosed.

Largest State Building. The state capitol of Texas is the largest state building in the United States and the seventh in size among the buildings of the world. It is a vast Greek cross of red Texas granite, with a central rotunda covered by a dome 311 feet high. It was begun in 1881 and finished in 1886, having cost about \$3,000,000. It was paid for with 3,000,000 acres of public land, deeded to the capitalists who executed the work.

STORIES OF DEWEY.

HIS HISTORICAL LANGUAGE IN THE FIGHT AT MANILA BAY.

Tells Gen. Merritt How Far His Jurisdiction in the Philippines Extended—Calls Down a Paymaster in Sullen Uniform—Obliges a Soldier With Whiskers.

New stories about Rear Admiral Dewey comes across the Pacific with every steamer and sailing vessel half way from the Philippines. Each addition to the supply of anecdotes on hand reveals the hero of Manila in a still more attractive light, and establishes him more firmly in the heart of his countrymen. He is known as an exceptionally modest man, with an unlimited stock of cool courage, a high-strung temper, a keen sense of humor, and a regard for his personal attire which, possessed by almost any other man, would make him known as a dude. All of these traits may be detected in the following stories.

Several weeks after the memorable battle between the two fleets a correspondent of Chicago newspaper, for whom Admiral Dewey had shown a strong liking, visited the flagship.

"Admiral, I wish you would tell me what you said during the fighting on the morning you entered the bay," said the correspondent. "Nearly all great naval battles have brought out some utterance from the victorious commander which has become historical, and I would like to know what you said that can be preserved in—"

"Why, John, I can't for the life of me remember what I said during the fight," the admiral said, knitting his brows thoughtfully. "I was so busy, you know, that I paid no attention to anything except the fleet."

"Try and think of what you said," there is a good story in the fight that has never been told."

Admiral Dewey thought long and earnestly, not that he had any desire to glorify himself, but simply because he wanted to oblige the correspondent. Finally the correspondent suggested that the admiral's staff officers might recall something of value as a historical utterance. The idea was at once acted upon by the admiral, and he told his orderly to call the officers. They presented themselves, two young flag lieutenants, who have the most profound admiration for their commander that can be imagined.

"Mr. Scott, can you think of anything?" said the young officer. "I said during the fighting?" said Admiral Dewey, addressing the junior officer. "John wants a story, and I'd like to help him out. I don't remember saying anything worth repeating, do you?"

"I hope you will excuse me for repeating it, sir," said the young officer, a faint twinkle showing in his eyes.

"Go on, Mr. Scott," responded Admiral Dewey. "If you can give John a story I will thank you for it."

"Well, sir, do you remember when we were turning the second time on the figure 8 that you noticed the Baltimore was going further away than had been ordered?"

"Yes, I remember that very well," replied Admiral Dewey.

"Well, sir, do you remember what you said as soon as you noted the position of the Baltimore?"

"No, I have forgotten everything about that except ordering a signal of some kind to be displayed for the Baltimore. What did I say?"

"You said: 'What's the matter with the blankety blank man?' Is he the blankety blank a blank coward? Tell the blankety blank Baltimore to close up. Blank him, tell him close up!"

Admiral Dewey looked across the bay toward the City of Manila a moment and flecked the ashes from his cigar. The young officer's knees were beginning to tremble, and the correspondent was beginning to wish he had not been so persistent in his search for a historical utterance, when their suspense was broken by the admiral turning with a quiet smile and saying:

"Let's look at the signal book for that morning. That will tell what I said."

The signal book was quickly produced, and this was all that could be found referring to the Baltimore:

"Please close up!"

Soon after General Merritt reached Manila he began to experience trouble with the insurgents. Aguinaldo was not disposed to pay much heed to the general's orders, and the general complicated matters more or less by endeavoring to avoid any clashing of the American with the insurgent forces. The situation was becoming somewhat strained when General Merritt sought a conference with Admiral Dewey on the Olympia. The general and the admiral discussed the situation at great length, the former giving special attention to the question of jurisdiction in the Philippines. At last General Merritt put this question to the admiral:

"Admiral, how far, in your opinion, does your jurisdiction extend on the island?"

Admiral took two short turns on the quarterdeck before answering. Then he said:

"General, my jurisdiction extends from as close to shore as I can move these flatirons," pointing to the American fleet, "to as far into the island as I can throw a shill."

If there is any one thing which pleases Admiral Dewey it is neatness in dress. He has never been known to set a bad example in this respect, and is regarded by his subordinates as a fashion plate for the American navy. One of the standing orders following the establishment of routine duty in the fleet when there were no more Spanish ships to fight, was one requiring all officers to wear their white uniforms.

One day a certain paymaster named Martin, who is afflicted with an abnormally bushy growth of red whiskers and a figure of pronounced rotundity, visited the Olympia on business connected with his department. As the paymaster mounted the gangway he was seen by Admiral Dewey, and a frown gathered on the brow of the autocrat of the fleet. Paymaster Martin was a sight to provoke a laugh from a ship's figurehead. He was arrayed in a dun-colored suit of duck, a loosely woven undercoat resembling a sweater showed beneath his jacket, and on his head was one of those enormous cork helmets with a circumference equal to that of an umbrella.

"Orderly, tell Paymaster Martin I wish to see him at once," said Admiral Dewey, and the orderly sought the paymaster with a grin on his face. A few moments later the paymaster, very much pleased with being accorded the honor of visiting the quarter-deck, stood before the admiral and executed one of his best salutes.

"Paymaster Martin," said the admiral in his chillest tones, "I think you are drunk."

"I beg your pardon, admiral—I assure you I am not drunk—I am perfectly sober," stammered the paymaster, staggering under the blow his composure had received.

"I still think you have been drinking," continued the little man in spotless white, "for I can't believe you would come aboard this ship sober wearing such an outlandish uniform. Go back to your ship, sir, and don't let me ever see another violation of orders like this."

Among the volunteer officers of the army was a captain in a California regiment whose mustache rivals the whiskers of Paymaster Martin in its bushiness. It spreads over his features from his eyes to his lower jaws, and reaches back to his ears. While ashore one day the admiral saw this captain at short range and his keen gray eyes shone with unusual brilliancy as he turned to a brother officer and quietly remarked:

"It isn't fair to fight the Spaniards with that officer."

"Why do you say that, admiral?"

"He's in ambush all the time," was the reply, and the admiral's joke had circulated throughout the whole fleet before night.

A naval officer who has just returned from Manila brings with him a good story. It is customary when men-of-war go out for target practice to stow away the china and glassware of the ship, which are likely to be broken by the concussion that always follows the firing of the big guns. When one of the thirteen-inch rides on the forward deck goes off it feels as if the vessel had been struck by lightning, and to save breakage fragile articles are packed away. Similar preparations were made for the fight at Manila, and when the battle was over and the Spanish fleet was destroyed it took some days to get things readjusted on the ships and restored to their proper places. Two or three days after the battle Admiral Dewey noticed that an article of table furniture in his cabin was missing, and called his Chinese servant's attention to the fact. The latter calmly replied: "All right. Put him 'way so him don't get broke while you practice on the Spaniards. He come back billy soon."

An Episode of the Battlefield.

Just below the stone fort at Caney, sitting in the middle of the pineapple field, I came upon pitiful sight—a soldier sitting on the ground, holding in his lap the head of a poor fellow who was literally shot to pieces. One bullet had gone through his head, another through his lungs and chest, tearing a horrible hole, from which the blood poured at every breath. He was almost dead, and every breath sounded like pouring liquid from a bottle, and his comrade kept the flies from his face, that was clotted with blood and dirt, and waited. Occasionally, when the poor fellow would groan a bit louder than usual, the friend would change the dying man's position, but he held him as still as he could.

"Don't suppose there's a surgeon?" he inquired, as I stopped.

I told him there was not now, but would be, later.

"Well," he remarked, quietly, "don't suppose they could help him. He's 'bout gone, I reckon."

The breathing became weaker and the gurgling fainter and fainter as the grisly pallor began to show through the sweat and dirt and blood, and finally without a tremor, breathing ceased. The soldier held his burden a moment until he saw the end had come, and then laid his handkerchief over the gash face and gently let the head down to the ground, and slowly got up.

"Know him?" I asked.

"My brother," he calmly said. And then he filled his lungs with one long, deep sigh and gazed off to the hills for a moment with a far away, thoughtful look, and I could see that he was looking straight into some home and wondering what mother would think.

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The Patriotic Came Up During 1860, The New Year Will Be Spared By Unusual Bar- gains. Our First Offer is a Tremendous Mark-Down On **CLOAKS.**

If You Want a Good Win-
ting Garment Very Cheap
Come And See Us.

LEWIS E. STAPLE,

7 Market Street.

Where Will
You Take It?

After having consulted your physi-
cian, the question often arises,
where shall I take my prescription?
You should go to the best druggist
that you know—one who will use only
the best drugs and will not fill it if
he hasn't the right kind. Go where
you will always find experienced
graduates in charge, who will over-
see each prescription and exercise
the greatest care in dispensing. Our
prescription department is conduct-
ed in this careful manner.

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32 Congress St.

WE HAVE

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10 Cents a Pound Up.

Call and See Our Stock.

RALPH GREEN,

32 Congress Street.

THE HERALD.

MONDAY, JAN. 30, 1869.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Almira Gardner.
Almira, widow of the late Andrew Gardner, died at the old Gardner home on the Peavry Hill road, Saturday, aged eighty-five years and ten months. She has been ill for sometime past, but bore her sufferings with great fortitude and patience. She leaves four sons: John E., of Shirley, Mass.; A. Milton, Joseph W., and B. Frank, all of this city, the latter with whom she made her home.

Mrs. Lavina H. Young.

Mrs. Lavina H. Young died early on Saturday afternoon at her home on Middle street after a long illness, aged 82 years and 1 month.

The deceased was the daughter of the late Ezra Young, and she is the last of the family.

She resided for a number of years at the old homestead on Banfield road but for the past quarter of a century occupied the house where she died.

The funeral will be held on Tuesday from the residence.

Miss Young was a lady of considerable property and was a constant but unostentatious contributor to various charities and many a family in humble circumstances will sincerely mourn her loss. She was also a benefactress of the Universalist church.

Gladys Newman.

Gladys, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Newman, died on Saturday at the home of her parents on Dennet street, aged 14 months, 8 days.

CLUB NOTES.

President Rowe of the Warner whist club is on the sick list.

No games have been played in the P. A. C. whist tournament for nearly a week now.

The Warner whist club are to move into their new quarters in Mechanics' block on Wednesday of this week.

In the P. A. C. pool tournament on Saturday, Burke defeated McDonough 100 to 83 and Garnett defeated Burke 100 to 86.

Musical Director Alex. Bilbrick has been highly commended over the excellent manner in which he conducted the Cycle club minstrel show.

The total membership of five of the most prominent clubs in this city is very near the half thousand mark. Pretty good for a city the size of Portsmouth.

Owing to numerous requests from the public the Portsmouth Cycle club are to repeat their minstrel overture and dance in Philbrick hall next Friday evening. Ever since the show last week, considerable pressure has been brought to bear by those who were unable to secure seats at that time, for the boys to repeat it, which they have at last consented to do. A number of new specialties will be introduced and with new songs and jokes the club will no doubt score another big success.

DUTY COMPLETED.

The coroner's jury on the case of the murder of Mrs. Mary Elvira Tarlton of Kittery completed their duties on Saturday afternoon. They found that her death was caused by Frank Parks and that he committed the horrible deed with malice aforethought. County Solicitor Matthews at once issued a warrant charging Parks with murder in the first degree and handed the document to Sheriff Ham to serve. Parks will be arraigned today at Alfred and it is understood that he will plead guilty. The penalty in Maine is life imprisonment.

OBSEQUIES.

The funeral of Elizabeth Young took place at her late residence on Middle street on Sunday afternoon, Rev. G. W. Gile officiating. Interment was by H. W. Nickerson, undertaker.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Mrs. Bessie G. Hobbs were held at the Congregational church in North Hampton this afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. Interment was in North Hampton cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker H. W. Nickerson of this city.

YOU SHOULD KNOW.

What Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to do for those who have impure and impure blood. It makes the blood rich and pure, and cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, catarrh, rheumatism, nervousness. If you are troubled with any ailment caused or promoted by impure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, easy to take, easy to operate.

A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Our Rock Blood Bitters is the natural, never failing remedy for a lazy liver.

RUSHING THE WORK.

Large Gang of Laborers Employed at the Power House
Many brick masons and other laborers are now employed at the power house of the Portsmouth electric railway on Noble's Island setting boilers and putting in the bed for big engines that will soon be set up there. It is the intention of the workmen to have everything there ready to apply power to the road by April 1, but it is quite doubtful if the road be started any before May 1, for not half of it has yet been built. There seem to be hopes that the Portsmouth and Dover road will be equipped this season with electricity. The York Harbor and Beach railroad may, however, be equipped if the road is extended from York Beach, through Ogunquit to Wells, as is now contemplated.

FIRE AT YORK.

Barn of John McIntire, With Contents, Entirely Destroyed.

The barn of John McIntire of Scotland district, York, was destroyed by fire on Saturday evening together with its contents and live stock. Mr. McIntire went to the barn with a lantern and tried to catch a hen. The hen knocked the lantern over and it set fire to a hay mow. The flames spread so quickly that Mr. McIntire was unable to save any of the live stock and barely escaped with his life.

Two cows, a heifer and one horse together with twelve tons of hay and all the family implements were destroyed. The loss will be about \$1500 with partial insurance.

FIRE IN GREENLAND.

House, Barn and Outbuildings of Daniel Mahoney Burned This Morning.

Shortly after 9 o'clock this morning the barn of Daniel Mahoney in Greenland was discovered to be on fire and an hour later the barn, house and outbuildings were a mass of charred ruins.

The first known of the fire was when Mrs. Mahoney looked out of a window and saw the blaze coming through the roof of the barn. The alarm was quickly given but in spite of prompt work on the part of neighbors the flames spread and everything was destroyed.

COAST DEFENCE GUNS.

Two Dynamite Guns For Portsmouth.

Senator Smith has proposed an amendment to the fortifications bill to procure twenty pneumatic dynamite guns, fifteen-inch calibre, and necessary machinery, five shells of 100 pounds explosive gelatine and fuse; also five dummy projectiles, complete and mounted. The guns are to cost \$100,000 each, and are to be placed at the following ports: Two each at Portland, Me., Boston, Portsmouth, Dry Tortugas, Mobile, Galveston, Charlestown, and three each at New Orleans and Pugot sound.

BURNED WITH VITROL.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Reinewald and daughter, Alice, of Providence, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah F. Adams, Washington street.

Miss Irene O'Clark of Bradford, Mass., formerly of this city, was the guest on Saturday and Sunday of Miss Mary E. Prescott, Middle street.

Mr. Lemuel Pope who with his wife have been the guests of their son, Dr. Lemuel Pope, Jr., and wife, returned home on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grant of Poland Springs, Me., who were married in Portland on Thursday last, are passing their honeymoon in this city.

Mr. Gile, wife of Rev. Dr. Gile, pastor of the Middle Street Baptist church, is quite ill with the grippe at her apartments at the Rockingham.

Mr. Charles Fanckner, clerk for Geo. H. Joy, who has been off duty for three weeks on account of the grippe, returns to his labors this Monday morning.

Rev. L. H. Thayer, pastor of the North church, is quite ill with the grippe. Mrs. Thayer, who has been a victim of the same malady, was able to be out on Sunday.

Rev. Charles H. Murkland, president of the New Hampshire State Agricultural college at Durham, presched at the North church on Sunday morning and evening and returned to Durham that evening by carriage.

William Broughton of South Portland, who at the beginning of the recent war, enlisted in the hospital corps and was stationed at Fort Preble, has been transferred to Fort Constitution, at Portsmouth, N. H. He will leave for his new post of duty today. Mr. Broughton, who but recently was given his sergeant stripes, is now promoted to the rank of full steward with the salary of \$15 a month.—Portland Argus, 28th inst.

BURIED IN SAWDUST.

At Conway Junction on Saturday a Frenchman was buried in a cave in of a bank of sawdust and was dug out just in time to save his life. The man had backed up a two horse team at the sawdust pile and was engaged in filling the team, when the bank caved in burying the man and frightening the horses so that they ran away going into the river from which they were extricated with difficulty, after having been badly cut up.

POLICE COURT

John Keefe, an old rounder, was arraigned before Judge Emery in police court this morning charged with being drunk, and pleaded guilty. He was ordered to pay a fine of \$5 and costs of \$6.90, and being unable to settle was taken over to jail.

HORSE FELL.

A horse, attached to a light carriage belonging to a man in Rye, fell in front of the Chicago Meat Co., at 11:15 today, breaking a shaft and injuring the harness to some extent. With the help of nearby spectators, the horse was soon got on his feet and the carriage taken to a repair shop.

PERSONALS.

CITY BRIEFS.

A. B. Racine was in Dover today.

Mrs. John Newton is visiting friends in Boston.

Miss Katie Gorman passed Sunday at her home in Dover.

Eddie Rowe is confined to his room with a slight illness.

Mr. Fred Harriman passed Sunday at his home in this city.

Walter Bunker of Boston spent Sunday at his home in Kittery.

Charles P. Silver of Boston was a visitor in town over Sunday.

Mrs. Flegg F. Grant went to Somers worth yesterday on a visit to relatives.

Rev. C. A. Morrill of this city officiated at St. Thomas church in Dover on Sunday.

Walter Sawyer, who has been quite ill, was reported much better on Sunday.

Hon. Frank Jones came down from Boston on the Pullman train on Sunday evening.

John O. Ayers is seriously ill at his home on Pleasant street, with pneumonia.

Rev. Elliot B. Barber of Gardner, Me., occupied the Universalist pulpit on Sunday.

Mr. Philip Young of Boston passed Sunday with his father, Col. Aaron Young, Austin street.

Daniel D. Tuttle of Greenland has been awarded an increase of pension from \$6 to \$8 per month.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parker Hitchins of Saugus were Sunday guests of Dr. and Mrs. Wm. O. Jenkins.

Mrs. Carrie Hanscom and daughter, Stella, of Malden, Mass., are visiting Mrs. Mary Pendexter of Vaughan street.

The Globe Grocery Co. has obtained a lease of the store occupied by the Chicago Meat Co. and will occupy the same after extensive repairs are made. The stores will be connected and all the meat business conducted in the new store.

A number of new novelties will be introduced in the reproduction of the P. C. C. Minstrel Overture. Tickets at popular prices.

A well known business man while riding his wheel this morning came to grief on the corner of Pleasant and Warren streets. The rubber tires failed to hold on the icy surface and slid out from beneath the rider who came down with a crash. No bones were broken.

Extraordinary excitement often brings out funny experiences, as was illustrated at Kittery when one man grabbed his revolver and started with the crowd after the murderer, Parks. An examination of the revolver the next day disclosed the fact that it had no trigger. "Rams" says he intended to use the butt on the man's head if he had caught him.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grant of Poland Springs, Me., who were married in Portland on Thursday last, are passing their honeymoon in this city.

Catarrh of the stomach has long been considered the next thing to incurable. The usual symptoms are a full or bloating sensation after eating, accompanied sometimes with sour or watery risings, a formation of gases, causing pressure on the heart and lungs and difficult breathing; headaches, sickly appetite, nervousness and a general languid feeling.

There is often a foul taste in the mouth, coated tongue and if the interior of the stomach could be seen it would show a slimy, inflamed condition.

The cure of this common and obstinate trouble is found in a treatment which causes the food to be readily, thoroughly digested before it has time to ferment and irritate the delicate mucous surfaces of the stomach. To secure a prompt and healthy digestion is the one necessary thing to do and when normal digestion is secured the catarrhal condition will have disappeared.

According to Dr. Harlan the safest and best treatment is to use after each meal a tablet, composed of Distaste, Aseptic, Peppermint, a little Nux, Golden Seal and small seeds. These tablets can now be found at all drug stores under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and not being a patent medicine can be used with perfect safety and assurance that healthy appetite and thorough digestion will follow their regular use after meals.

Mr. N. J. Boyer of 2710 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "Catarrh is a local condition resulting from a neglected cold in the head, whereby the lining membrane of the nose becomes inflamed and the poisonous discharge therefrom passing backward into the throat reaches the stomach, thus producing catarrh of stomach without cure, but today I am the happiest of men after using only one box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I cannot find appropriate words to express my good feeling. I have found flesh, appetite and sound rest from their use."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the safest preparation as well as the simplest and most convenient remedy for any form of indigestion, catarrh of stomach, biliousness, sour stomach, heartburn and bloating after meals.

Send for little book mailed free, on stomach troubles, by addressing Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. The tablets can be found at all drug stores.

Today, and every day next week, our advertising agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklin's Aronia Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Catarrh, Sore, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or money refunded.

H. E. BUCKLIN & CO., Chicago, Ill.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today, and every day next week, our advertising agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklin's Aronia Salve, "The Best Salve in the World